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Washington Man Discovered Famous Darkey Melody.

AN OLD-TIME MINSTREL

How the Song Was First Heard, First Sung and Made Its First Hit.

It is something to have made the songs of a nation. A much-quoted individual said that if he could make the songs of a nation it was no concern of his who made the in ws. Next best to making the songs is the singing of them, especially such songs as never had a maker to claim them, so that they went through life as a species of vocal foundlings. But the absence of parentage is a small consideration with the public whether the doorstep infant be a baby or a song. So it happened that "Shoo, Fly," became one of the greatest songs of its time, and was in millions of throats.

"Shoo, Fly" was a vocal foundling. Like Topsy, it justgrew. It had attained genteel ortions, but was still obscure and some-low-lived when it was discovered and placed in the lime light of fame, as it deserved, and became a long-lived public favorite and died a natural death after

The man who discovered "Shoo, Fly"he doesn't claim to have written it-lives herein Washington, or, more properly speak-ing, in Anacostia. Though once well known from Washington to San Francisco, and from Boston to New Orleans, as a negro minstrel, in the days when black-faced fun dommated the stage, he has retired into ob-scurity with the song he made famous, and now pushes a plane and drives nails over in the village beyond. His name is Charles W. Fadeley, and he is a carpenter. When before the footlights he was known as Frank Campbell and many an old program recovered from the dust of lorgotten collecions will disclose his name at the top of the list with the merriest of funmakers

Mr. Fadeley is now in his staty-third year and was in his professional print and the year '63. He is a rather short man, and his hair and short, stubby mustache are gray, but his legs are active, and his arm is strong and his tongue and memory as gib as the best of us. He stands now at a period of his life when retrospection and reminiscence give the greatest pleasure. The old days are mellowing in the distance and through the haze of recoung years he sees things with a vision of affection

RESCUE OF "SHOO, FLYP" The genial little gentleman was found the other day and consented to answer a number of leading questions which opened the way to a recital of how "Shoo, Fly" made its debut, and many other interesting data of a inconspicuous carcer.

"Mind, I do not claim to have written Shoo, Fiy' "said Mr. Fadeley with an eagerness to be fair to the memory of the unknown burd, and at the same time not appear presumptuous in his assertions; "but I was the first to introduce the song to the public, and I fostered it in the early days when it rose from obscurity to a popularity unequaled by any of the so-called popular

songs of today.
"It was in the early '60's, and I was a member of the LaRue Minstrels. My line of work was tenor balladist and general straight man. General straight man? Yes; that term has gone out. It means that I did whatever was wanted of me; a sort

of modern utility man. I sat in the circle, joined in the walk around, did a sketch in the oito and took part in the afterpices.

"We were playing in Norfolk, Va., for two nights. After the second night's performance we were all invited to attend a tig bail. I was one of the company who accepted the invitation. Though the hosts and company were white folks, the musicians were colored boys, who drumned their banjos and had no music to read from. They were specimens of the oid-time Southern darkey, who have the soul of music with not one iota of the intelligence of the art.

the art.
"These boys made fairly good mi They often sang as well as played their airs, and the result was very inspiring Finally they took up a tune that was new to me, but it struck my ear immediately perhaps because I had trained myself to ten for anything new that I might use

DARKIES SANG IT.

"'I feel, I feel, I feel I feel like a morning star! I feel, I feel, I feel I feel like a morning star!" "Then they put an extra lung effor and gave forth the chorus:

"'Shoo, fly, don't bother me, Shoo, fly, don't bother me, Shoo, fly, don't bother me, For I belong to Company G!"

would come to the center and sing the verte, the others joining in the chorus, and then doing a fancy dance or walking step around the stage. Each one took his turn.

"Well, "Stone Fig." wen an immerse lift, even on the first night. The people out front could not get enough of it, and we saught until we had to cut it short in order

sanget and we had to the hearth does to end the show.

"Next we came up here to Washington and played in Wall's Opera House. It used to be Harris' and is now the Bijou, and then allthrough the North and East. Every where "Shoo, Fly" made the hit. The bands and orchestras began to play it. It was sung and whiteled, but steed and manifested and whistled on the street and manifested itself in a thousand and one ways that a

popular song will.

"A popular song thirty or more years ago meant much more than it does now, when the composers are multiplied a hundred fold and every catchy air is taken up and made a fad. 'In the old days fewer songs, and often less meritorious songs, were and often less meritorious sengs, were taken up by the people, but they were more loyal to them 'and'clang to them for years and years. What have become of 'Sweet Violets,' Comrades,' 'After the Ball.' They are all public missinces after brief lives of only two or three years, but the people are still humming 'Shanee River' and 'Kentucky Home' when the heart is quiet.

REFUSED A FORTUNE. "When we got to Boston I joined the For I beiong to Company G."

"That was all there was to it, but its quaint musical simplicity went straight to the spot that awakens all the emotions provinces. We had been out but about

I fee I feel I feel I feel like a morning than I feel I feel I feel I feel like a Coming state

By the Man Who Introduced It.

hit with me. I asked among my friends where I could get a copy of the music but they only laughed at the idea, and said it was 'only one of the boys' songs.'

"When I had a chance I went to to the leader and asked him about it. He didn't have any music for it, didn't know there was any music for it and didn't even know where he got it. It was a pinin case of

"Then I said to him: "If you'll come down to the theater early tensorrow morn; ing and play that so our leader can write it down I'll give you a cellar.' His eyes popped, and I telieve be thought at first that I was only joking. But he came. A man by the name of Grumphet was our leader and took the music. Goodness only knows where he is now, but if he were here he would youch for every word of this.

FIRST SUNG IN RICHMOND. "From Norfolk we went to Petersburg, and from there to Richmond, and in the old Virginia capital we first sung "Shoo Fly" before a prefessional audience. I did not sing it myself. Everybody joined in and made a walk around of it. You don't know what a waik around is these days. It was a particular and peculiar feature of aidtime minstrelsy. First one performer

three weeks when a letter came to me from White, Smith & Perry, the largest musipublishing house in the Pean City, saying my affidavit before a magistrate that I first introduced 'Shoo, Fly' they would pay me a royalty of 2 cents on every copy sold.

"But I didn't. I had too good an engagement to give up and go back to Boston for an uncertainty. Besides, 2 cents a copy seemed no inducement at all, for I never dreamed of the number of I actually refused the offer of a fortune, for they afterward told me that they had sold 2,000,000 copies.

'The only glory that I got out of it was to read on the title page as 'introduced and sung by Frank Campbell, and every time I saw a copy I thought, There's two more cents that might be mine.' But

might-have-beens don't do any good. "It has often puzzled me who wrote 'Shoo,Fly' and what made it so popular.
As you can see by a glauce at the words; it is simplicity itself. The form is very ordinary and crude, being a mere repetition. There is only one rhyme in it-that is 'me' with 'G'-and that is 30t introduced with any particular meaning. Attogether, I am of the opinion that no one ever wrote it; that it simply grew three Morris Brothers' Minstrels, Lou. leaves

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darkeys. As for its popularity, except for the force of facts, it would be ri-diculous to read those lines to a man and ask him to believe that they made one of the greatest successes of any comic song that has ever been sung in public." OLD-TIME MINSTRELS.

Mr. Padeley knew all the old-time min-strets. He went late the business in Richmond in 1861, when negro minstrelsy was in its prime and at its height, and a "nigger show" was more attractive than

"higger show" was more attractive than any other form of cutertalment. His first engagement was with the Charles O. White Company, with which was Joe Griffin, the most illiterate and the funniest nan of his day. Next he joined Cotton & Murphy's minstreis. The senior member of this firm was Ben Coston, well known to everyone familiar with the history of the American stage. The junior member was Joe Murphy, now famous as an Irish come dian through his play "Kerry Gow" and his

ongs. ''Joe was an end man,''said Mr. Fadeley. ·His great specialty was a bone solo. He was expert at handling the dappers and cept time in a marvelous manner uggling them all around and about him His chair entrance was a conspicuous fea ture of the show, but it will sound simple newadays. He had an ordinary wooden chair with the back cut down. This he would straddle, facing backward, so that the top of the chair back struck the pit of his stomach. When the orchestra gave cue he would run to the middle of the stage. stop abruptly and balance, suspended and struggling in the chair back. I have heard audiences laugh for five minutes over that."

Other old-timers that he knew and play-ed with in the same company were Dan Emmett, the author of "Dixie;" Stephen Fosfer, who wrose 'Massa's in the Cold. Cold Ground' and scores of other popular pieces; Dan Bryant, 'the original minstrel.' if there was any; Dave Reed, Nelse Sev. nour. Sam Sanford, Will S. Hayes, composer of war songs, and Billy Rice.

"Thirty years ago nearly every large city hadits minstrel company, which played year in and year out," said the godparent of "Shoo, Fly." "In Boston there were the

"They were great workers in those days. It was like the stock company—shows every night, rehearsais every day. A new afterpiece hitting off a local topic in buriesque mahion that to be written every week, a new set of jokes and a new program of songs had to be prepared each week. But they were happy days, and people who came to our performances found forgetful-ness of worldly cares and laughed themselves happy at our crude, but honest, ef-forts."

MISFIT CHARITY.

Degraded and Not Respectable Poor Are Helped.

Are Helped.

There is a great deal of misfit charity, says an exchange. When charitable organizations are arranging summer outings for people who cannot afford to go at their own expense, the first thought is of the slum neighborhoods of the lower East and West sides. No one thinks of asking the occupants of a comfortable looking house, with neatly cartained windows and a general air of comfort, if not prosperity, to go to Coney Island or some country home as the guests of a society. It is presumed that such people can pay their own expenses. And yet this is not the case.

One prominent charity worker said yesterday, as she shook her head aympathetically: "Ah, it is true, indeed, of a large city that one-ball knows nothing of how the other half lives. I know one ladyfor she is a lady by birth, education and associations—who looks like a well-to-lowoman in the street, but who can hardly

associations—who looks like a well-to-lo woman in the street, but who can hardly get enough to est. She dresses in black, with white collar and cuffs, and a crape bonnet, and has a distinguished bearing. But what she suffers through poverty few would suspect. She is glad to go to the seashore for a day at the expense of our society, and she often goes."

At this moment a tall, handsome, young woman, whose clothing, though not expensive, tore the indescribable stamp of style, came in, spoke a few words to the woman who had been speaking, and then went out.

went out.

"There," said she, " there is a girl who is living to a half bedroom, with a 13-year-old brother. She makes a precarious living by doing facey work such as embroidery, and she has hard work to make endameet. She she has hard work to make ends meet. She wants to be a city missionary. We find that such people, reduced in circumstances, are useful for such work. They receive a salary, and they do not fell that they are so degraded as if they had to go into domestic service or employment of that kind. But you would be surprised to know how many reduced gentlefolk there are in this city and how hard they find it to get the common necessaries of life."

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There is no material which will protect olished bindings so well as chamois leather. Very pretty loose covers can be made, but oled round the edge and embroidered with some device in bright silk. The chamois leather has the disadvantage of oon seiling, and very soft cloth can be used nstead. Books must be kept perfectly dry, and

bousemaids must be warned never to dost them with damp dusters. They should be taken out of the shelves, chapped, to free the pages from dust, and then gently wiped along the top with a soft, old cloth, which is perfectly dry. Many books are spoiled by the insertion

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